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From the collection
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UNIVERSALIST HISTORICAL
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A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS,
FOR THE USE OF BELIEVERS IN
GOD'S INFINITE AND IMMUTABLE LOVE,
MANIFESTED TO THE CREATION
IN
Jesus Christ.

Sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord all the earth.
Sing unto the Lord, and praise his name, declare his salvation
from day to day. DAVID.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY W. KAYE, 61, PRINCE'S STREET.
1824.

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PREFACE.



IN conformity with a *resolution* of the Delegates from the UNIVERSALIST CHURCHES in the west of Scotland, in conference in Glasgow, July, 1823, (which resolution was afterwards sanctioned by said churches;) the following selection of Hymns is published; not by any means to supercede in the above connexion the use of the Psalms and and the Assembly's Paraphrases, but rather, as an appendix thereto. Many of the Psalms are sublime compositions, and declare, in the most expressive strains, the vast extent and super-abounding fulness of God's free grace to the family of man; and even those Psalms which announce the *severity* of the Divine procedure, do at the same time announce this truth—that mercy rejoiceth against judgment. For instance, the lxxxiii. Psalm, contains the most awful threatnings, but for what end are they inflicted? That men may know Jehovah, whom to know is life eternal.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, conferred a signal benefit upon those who profess the doctrinal truth, that "God is Love," when they added the paraphrases to the psalmody; with two or three exceptions these compositions are compleatly adapted for the celebration of Gospel triumph. One exception is the 41st. where the phrase *endless woes* is inserted, and after praising the Messiah, as he who came, not to condemn the sons of men, but to save them, we are taught to deny this, by applauding their subjection to a never-ending horrific vengeance. Perhaps these anomalies were considered necessary to render the whole palatable to believers in decrees of reprobation: be this as it may, we are disposed to give honour to whom honour is due, and to express gratitude for the many excellent productions thus attached to the psalmody

In consideration of the importance of sacred music, and aware that in this delightful manner the heavenly host express their adoration to the author of their existence,—that in the infancy of creation, “the morning stars sang together,” and on the birth of Immanuel they hailed the recovery of a fallen world with “Glory to God in the highest, peace upon earth and good-will toward men,” reverting to these circumstances and looking forward to the melody which shall, in the fulness of times, ascend to the throne of Jehovah from a redeemed universe, we deem every attempt praise-worthy which has a tendency to elevate the soul to God, and give a sacred impulse to our devotions. Hence in this selection a suitable variety of metre, as well as expression, has been attended to. The greater part of the Hymns are original productions, being the devout aspirations of Brethren both in America and Britain.

Prudence dictates the propriety of a small selection under present circumstances. Our intercourse with the American churches has but recently commenced.—These churches are blessed with many useful and highly gifted members, and their periodical publications abound with poetic effusions. The cause of love and truth is also escaping, in this favoured land, from the rubbish of system, and the mire of prejudice; and we have recently received acquisitions of poetical talent. It consequently follows, that in a few years a second edition may be published, with additional compositions, possessing additional merit.

Proper attention has been paid to the type, that it might be suitable to those advanced in years; the young, therefore, in sympathy to the aged, will consider this as an apology for the 12mo size of the book.

That this volume may become eminently useful, under the auspices of “the Great God our Saviour,” in exalting the heart, and spiritualizing the affections, of those who believe and obey the truth, is the sincere prayer of

The Compiler,

W. W.

GLASGOW, }
June 17th, 1824.

A
SELECTION

OF

HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF

BELIEVERS IN

God's infinite & immutable Love.



I. HYMN.—6 lines, 8's.

1 ALMIGHTY, O amazing Love!
Thy all creating power divine,
Hath made all worlds and things that move,
However bright their glories shine;
And man, as lord, of power possess'd,
Was set to rule above the rest.

2 O thou most injur'd goodness! why
When man thy image had defac'd
By sin, and was condemn'd to die,
Why was he spar'd? or why embrac'd?
O matchless mercy, who can tell
What kept the guilty out of hell?

3 What was it else, but love alone?
Infinite Love that could do thus?

A

Jesus descended to atone;
 He gave himself to die for us;
 And lo! how full and free this grace,
 It still appears to all our race.

4 Salvation over sin and death,
 Shall in the end to all be given,
 His praise therefore with every breath,
 By all that dwell in earth and heaven,
 Be jointly sung in highest strains,
 Who over all triumphant reigns.

Peel.

II. HYMN.—8 lines, 8's & 7's.

- 1 God of universal nature,
 God of Angels, God of men,
 God of every living creature,
 Listen our adoring strain.
 We would praise thy love unbounded,
 To our wretched fallen race,
 While we lay, by woe surrounded,
 Thou redeemed us by thy grace.
- 2 From the mouth of hell thou saved us,
 Ransomed by thy precious blood,
 From the load of guilt relieved us,
 From perdition's sweeping flood.

Sons of God thou now hast made us,
 Heirs of everlasting joy ; (us,
 Wondrous love ! that Heaven should raise
 Worms of earth, to dwell on high.

- 3 Endless praises, King of Zion,
 'We ascribe in transport's glow,
 Jesus, whom our souls rely on,
 Source from whence our comforts flow.
 O may every power within us,
 Swell the anthem of thy love,
 Till with joy at length thou bring us
 To the paradise above.

J. R. Berry.

III. HYMN.—6 lines, 8's & 6's 2 8's.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God ! how wondrous great ?
 How glorious is thy name ?
 Thine attributes are all complete,
 And works likewise the same ;
 Thy word immutable doth stand,
 In ev'ry promise and command.
- 2 Of old, all things shewed forth thy grace,
 Thy fame and great renown,
 Superior love to Adam's race,
 Could never be made known,

Above what usher'd in so bright,
A day of glorious gospel light.

- 3 Stupendous grace! O stand and view,
His love is not grown cold,
But is to sinners still as new,
As in the days of old;
Nor can it change, nor know decay,
Though heaven and earth both pass away.
- 4 Our pow'rs shall therefore thee proclaim,
In one eternal song,
And glorify thy honour'd name,
The blood bought race among;
And hence devote ourselves to thee,
And reverence thy august decree.

Peel.



IV. HYMN.—8 lines, 8's & 7's.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, ye heav'ns adore him,
Praise him Angels in the height,
Sun and moon rejoice before him,
Praise him all ye stars of light;
Praise the Lord, for he has spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd,
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

- 2 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious,
 Never shall his promise fail;
 God hath made his saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail;
 Praise the God of our salvation,
 Hosts on high his power proclaim,
 Heav'n, and earth, and all creation,
 Praise and magnify his name.
-

V. HYMN.—8 lines, 7's.

- 1 UNTO God who all things made
 Glory be and homage paid,
 Endless thanks, and praise be giv'n,
 By his church through earth and heaven,
 Praise the great Jehovah's name,
 I AM that I AM, the same,
 King of kings! of Lords the lord,
 God of gods! the living word.
- 2 Praise the woman's honour'd seed,
 Sent to bruise the serpent's head;
 The Messiah! long foretold,
 By the holy men of old;
 Christ, the Father's only son,
 God and man, impersoned one;
 Human nature and divine,
 Now united brightly shine.

- 3 Praise the Spirit, who did please
 Once to move upon the seas,
 And whose orient beams of light
 Swallow up the shades of night ;
 Mild p̄acific heavenly Dove,
 Who descended from above,
 Santifying power divine,
 Seal our souls and make us thine.

Peel.

VI. *Star of Bethlehem.*—C. M.

- 1 WHEN o'er long night the bursting dawn
 In youthful bloom appear'd,
 When angels hymn'd the rising morn,
 And songs in heaven were heard ;
 Amid the burning orbs that gem'd
 Jehovah's viewless throne,
 In native glory diadem'd,
 One star was seen alone.
- 2 On Palestine fair Solyma,
 Benignantly serene,
 Precursor of a brighter day,
 The harbinger was seen.
 The captive saw the symbol shine,
 His broken fetters fell,
 The shepherds marked the peerless sign,
 That told Immanuel.

- 3 And even now we view it burn,
With undiminished ray,
It hails the pagan's glad return,
And cheers the wanderer's way
With influence sweet illuming far,
Its beam to peace inclines,
From east to west the splendid star,
The star of Jesus shines.
-

VII. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his vast designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make them plain.

Cowper.

VIII. HYMN.—L. M.

- 1 HIGH in the heavens eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines,
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share,
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 3 My God how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring,
The sons of Adam in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.
- 4 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast,

There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

- 5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord,
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.



IX. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, his works of might
Demand our noblest songs,
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food,
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son the great Redeemer came,
And sealed the covenant sure,
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill,
And he the wisest of our race,
That most obeys thy will.

X. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful soul shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Father and their King.
 - 2 'Twas his own hand that shaped our clay,
And wrought this human frame,
But from his own immediate breath,
Our nobler spirits came.
 - 3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues,
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join the angels' songs.
 - 4 Ye planets to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praise him in your unwearied course,
Around the steady pole.
-

XI. HYMN.—L. M.

- 1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
 On the dear bosom of your God,
 He shed a thousand drops for you ;
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree !
 The Lord of glory dies for man !
 But lo ! what sudden joys I see !
 Jesus, the dead, revives again.
 The rising Saviour leaves the tomb ;
 Up to his Father's court he flies ;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him " Welcome to the skies !"

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliverer reigns ;
 Sing,—how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And laid the monster death in chains.
 Say,—“ Live for ever, wond'rous King !
 “ Born to redeem ; and strong to save !”
 Then ask the monster “ Where's thy sting ?”
 And, “ Where's thy victory, boasting
 grave ?”

XII. HYMN.—6 lines, 6's. & 2 lines 8's.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound ;
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound,

The year of jubilee is come,
Return ye ransomed sinners home.

2 Jesus our great high priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad.
The year, &c.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim.
The year, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year, &c.

5 Ye who have sold for nought,
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love !
The year, &c.

6 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And, sav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face ;

The year of jubilee is come,
Return ye ransomed sinners home.

XIII. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 INFINITE, unexhausted love!
Jesus and love are one;
If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrain'd to none,
- 2 What shall I do my God to love!
My loving God to praise! (prove,
The length and breadth, and height to
And depth of sov'reign grace?
- 3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfi'd;
From age to age it never ends,
It reaches all mankind.
- 4 Thro'out the world its breadth is known;
Wide as infinity!
So wide, it never pass'd by one,
Or it had pass'd by me.
- 5 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
Thro' Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise.

- 6 The strength of all-redeeming love,
What angel tongue can tell ?
As high as heaven its wonders prove,
Its prowess deep as hell.
- 7 Come quickly, gracious Lord and take
Possession of thine own,
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne.
- 8 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above,
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.
-

XIV. HYMN.—8 lines, 7's.

- 1 HARK ! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to their new-born King ;
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
"God and sinners reconcil'd."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies.
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 2 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;

Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb ;
 Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see,
 Hail the incarnate Deity !
 Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
 Jesus our Immanuel here.

3 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace,
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness ;
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Come with healing in his wings ;
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born, that man no more may die ;
 Born, to raise the sons of earth,
 Born, to give them second birth.

4 Come, desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home ;
 Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head ;
 Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine image in its place ;
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstatè us in thy love.

XV. HYMN.—C. M.

1 AT the great Immanuel's name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;

B 2

- Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it fall
Before his face, who tunes their choir,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line.
Whom David Lord did call ;
The God incarnate, man divine,
The crowned Lord of all.
- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Let every tribe, and every tongue,
That bound creation's ball,
Now shout, in universal song,
The crowned Lord of all.

XVI. HYMN.—C. M.

- I PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,

- Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace,
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and (O amazing love,)
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joy,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

XVII. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 THOU great supreme omniscient Lord,
Teach me thyself to know,
And humbled prostrate at thy throne,
To feel the vital glow,
- 2 Of heaven-born sympathetic love,
By which the earth is bless'd,

And mortals taught to dwell in peace,
With griefs and cares redress'd.

3 Do thou forbid that I should doubt,
Thy goodness and thy grace,
Which will confer thy promis'd boon,
On all the fallen race.

4 When nations all shall bow to thee,
And forth thy glory show,
And hallelujahs hail the power,
Which beats down every foe.

5 Then quickly, Jesus, quickly come,
Our hopes do rest on thee,
To dissipate our every care,
And set creation free.

W. _____

XVIII. HYMN.—4 lines, 7's.

1 COME Restorer of mankind,
Come and our disorders heal,
Soon may earth thy goodness find,
Soon may man thy mercy feel.

2 View our sad disorder'd state,
Our grievous woes our pride and sin,
See our malice, discord, hate,
Come and bring deliverance in.

- 3 Lo! how some poor wretches toil,
Sinking down beneath their load;
Human vice corrupts the soil,
Human groans ascend to God.
- 4 Wealth supports a useless life,
Of pamper'd lust, and pow'r, and pride;
The earth's o'errun with woes and strife,
From thee these horrors none can hide.
- 5 Where are freedom's lovely charms,
Now combined for gen'ral good?
Swift she flies our outstretched arms,
And leaves us nought but woes & blood.
- 6 Where is now that Christian love,
Which more as brethren should unite?
For the social blessings prove,
Self is man's supreme delight.
- 7 Pow'r now binds the human mind,
With oppresion's slavish chains;
The soul in anguish groans destined,
A while to bear perplexing pains.
- 8 Come, thou bleeding Saviour, come,
Man, to honour, do restore;
Make this earth thy lasting home;
Make men thy glorious name adore.

- 9 Break at once oppression's chains,
Teach mankind to know thy word ;
End at once our vice and pains,
And ever reign our Sovereign Lord.
-

XIX. HYMN.—8 lines, 8's.

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead ;
Our Saviour is gone up on high,
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky :
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors give way.
- 2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfurl the etherial scene ;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.
Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 3 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors give way.
Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd ;

The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

XX. HYMN.—*4 lines, 7's.*

- 1 COME, desire of nations, come!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom ;
Hear the Spirit and the Bride,
Come, and take us to thy side.
- 2 Thou who hast our place prepar'd,
Make us meet for our reward ;
Then with all thy saints descend ;
Then our earthly trials end.
- 3 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days ;
Who for full redemption groan,
Hear us now, and save thine own.
- 4 Now destroy the man of sin ;
Now thine ancient flock bring in ;
Fill'd with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransom'd world for thine.
- 5 Plant the heavenly kingdom here,
Glorious in thy saints appear ;
Speak the sacred number seal'd ;
Speak thy mystery fulfill'd.
- 6 Take to thee thy royal power ;
Reign, when sin shall be no more ;

Reign, when death no more shall be ;
Reign to all eternity.

XXI. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 My God, thy glories we would sing,
In joyful songs of praise,
Thou art the great almighty King,
How just and true always !
- 2 Who would not fear thy glorious name,
Thou holy, just, and true !
Thy character we would proclaim,
And thy perfections view.
- 3 With greatest joy we celebrate
The glories of the Lord,
Thine arm is strong, thy power is great,
And mighty is thy word.
- 4 Eternal self-existent Power,
Immutable and wise,
Thou art the God whom we adore,
From thee our joys arise.
- 5 The God who made the heav'ns and earth,
Who form'd us with his hands,
Whose pow'r first gave creation birth,
And by whose might it stands.

- 6 He that was pow'ful to create,
Rules wisely nature's frame ;
Vast is his love, his goodness great,
Which all his works proclaim.
- 7 How wise and powerful, just and good,
Doth God in all appear !
These, his perfections, understood,
Preserve our souls from fear.
-

XXII. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 JEHOVAH is both true and just,
And faithful to his word;
And they who in his promise trust
Shall know he is their Lord.
- 2 God is not like to faithless men ;
How sure his words abide !
He to his saints hath always been
A refuge where they hide.
- 3 His truth and love shall never fail,
His faithfulness shall last ;
Nor shall the pow'r of earth prevail
When once his word is past.
- 4 A thousand ages can't destroy
His purposes of grace,
Which he doth evermore employ
In favour of our race.

- 5 Both heaven and earth shall pass away,
But firm his words endure ;
His truth remains, nor can decay,
But stands for ever sure.
- 6 What firm support this doctrine gives
To mortals poor and weak !
What joy each faithful soul receives
From what the Lord doth speak !
- 7 Then trust his word, and never fear,
His truth must ever stand ;
The Lord your God is always near
To give an helping hand.

Winchester.

XXIII. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 MY God thy glories we would sing,
In joyful songs of praise ;
Thou art the great almighty King,
How just and true thy ways !
- 2 Who would not fear thy glorious name,
Thou holy, just, and true ?
Thy character we would proclaim,
And thy perfections view.
- 3 Eternal self-existent power,
Immutable and wise,
Thou art the God whom we adore,
From thee our joys arise.

- 4 With great delight we celebrate
The triumphs of the Lord ;
Thine arm is strong, thy power is great,
And mighty is thy word.
 - 5 The God who made the heavens and earth,
Who form'd us with his hands,
Whose power first gave creation birth,
And by whose might it stands.
 - 6 This God so powerful to create,
Rules wisely nature's frame ;
Vast is his love, his goodness great,
Which all his works proclaim.
 - 7 So wise and powerful, just and good,
God doth in all appear,
That his perfections, understood,
Preserve our souls from fear.
-

XXIV. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 MORTALS awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Thro' all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

- 3 Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.
- 4 Down thro' the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will & peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.
- 6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
"Good-will and peace are now complete,
"For Jesus came to die."
- 7 Hail, Prince of life for ever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

XXV. HYMN.—4 lines, 11's & 8's.

- 1 IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims for Sion who press, (days,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of
His rich and distinguishing grace.

- 2 For had he not pitied the state you were in,
 Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt;
 You all would have liv'd, would have died
 too in sin,
 And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 3 What was there in you that could merit
 Or give the Creator delight? (esteem,
 'Twas "even so Father," you ever must sing,
 "Because it seem'd good in thy sight."
- 4 Then give all the glory to his holy name;
 To him all the glory belongs; (fame,
 Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his
 And crown him in each of your songs.

 XXVI. HYMN.—4 lines, 8's.

- 1 JEHOVAH's the God we adore,
 The faithful unchangeable friend,
 Whose love is as great as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis he is the first and the last,
 Whose hand shall conduct us safe home;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

 XXVII. HYMN.—8 lines, 8's.

- 1 YE angels who stand round the throne,
 And view my Emmanuel's face,

In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise :
He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good ;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat :
He snatch'd you from hell and the grave,
He ransom'd from death and despair ;
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song ?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong !
I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free ;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see !

4 I want to put on my attire
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb ;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name ;
I want—O I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—

Your joy and your friendship to share—
To wonder and worship with you!

XXVIII. HYMN.—L. M.

- 1 THE love of Christ constraineth us,
Because; we taught of God, judge thus,
That if one truly died for all,
The whole was ruined by the fall.
- 2 And certainly for all he died,
That such as shall be sanctified,
May never live to sin again,
But live to Jesus who was slain.
- 3 To all it shall be testified,
In God's due time that Jesus died;
And all at last he will restore,
And they shall never wander more.
- 4 Christ tasted death for every man;
This was the great and glorious plan
Which wisdom, love, and mercy drew,
And which the Saviour carried through.
- 5 He died for us, not us alone,
But did for all the world atone;
For every soul of Adam's line
He freely did his life resign.

XXIX. HYMN.—L. M.

- 1 The grandest subject I would sing
That ever dwelt on mortal tongue,
The glorious victories of our King
Shall be the subject of my song.
 - 2 He reigns, and shall for ever reign,
Till all his enemies shall yield;
The victory he shall obtain,
And not one foe shall keep the field.
 - 3 This is Jehovah's high decree,
That every one in earth and heav'n
Shall to the Saviour bow the knee,
To him all homage shall be given.
 - 4 Then shall that glorious day arrive,
When sins and sorrows shall be past;
Tears wip'd away from human eyes,
And joys succeed, which always last.
 - 5 All creatures to their God shall cleave,
As dust of steel to adamant;
Then sin shall never more deceive,
But endless pleasures God will grant.
-

XXX. HYMN.—L. M.

- 1 What sweet and blest effects we find
Attend the constant firm belief,

That God's a friend to all mankind,
And does determine their relief.

- 2 It fills our souls with heav'nly love,
And crucifies our pride and wrath;
It sets our minds on things above,
And makes us walk the narrow path.
 - 3 Meekness, humility, and peace,
Are blessings flowing from that source;
The more our faith and hope increase,
The more with joy we run our course.
 - 4 It greatly doth the mind expand,
And sets the heart from bondage free,
Makes us possess, and bids us stand,
In Jesus' heav'nly liberty.
 - 5 It most restrains the mind from sin,
Not leading to licentiousness;
But is a monitor within,
Restraining lest we should transgress.
-

XXXI. HMYN.—L. M.

- 1 How shall our souls with pleasure raise
To our dear Lord a song of praise?
We'll sing his love, his goodness tell—
Our Jesus hath done all things well.

- 2 With pitying eyes he view'd our case,
And came to save our ruin'd race ;
He conquer'd sin, and death, and hell—
Our Jesus hath done all things well.
- 3 He undertook to bear our load,
And bring us back again to God,
To fit us with himself to dwell—
Our Jesus hath done all things well. 1
- 4 His work how great, his plan how vast !
But when it all appears at last,
It will our highest praise excel—
Our Jesus hath done all things well.
- 5 When the creation is restored,
And God shall be by all adored,
How loudly will the triumph swell !—
Our Jesus hath done all things well.

XXXII. HYMN —C. M.

- 1 Now let our souls to God attend,
And hear his blessed word ;
“ For ever will I not contend,”
Saith our most gracious Lord.
- 2 “ Not always shall my wrath endure
“ Against the souls I made ;
“ I wound, I heal, I kill, I cure,
“ Nor ask from others aid.

- 3 " For should my anger always burn,
 " The spirit sure would fail,
 " My creatures would to nothing turn,
 " Destruction would prevail.
- 4 " To man great comfort I will give,
 " My grace his pains shall heal ;
 " His mourners shall behold him live,
 " And greatest joy shall feel."
- 5 This is Jehovah's blessed will,
 That all should be restored,
 And this his purpose he'll fulfil,
 Then let him be adored.
-

XXXIII. HYMN.—*4 lines, 7's.*

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to day,
Sons of men and angels say !
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle's won;
Lo ! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo ! he sets in blood no more !
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

- 4 Lives again our glorious King?
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he dy'd our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Follw'ing our exalted Head?
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents fall?
Second life we shall receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.
- 7 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise by both to thee be giv'n;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the resurrection---thou:

Doddridge.

XXXIV. HYMN.—8 lines, 6, 8, & 4's.

- 1 How can we be asham'd
Of such a wond'rous plan,
Which God hath in his wisdom fram'd
To ransom man?
Here goodness joined with power,
Display the grand design,
Poor man to save, redeem, restore,
By grace divine.

2 What news the gospel brings,
 To drive away our fears!
 Grand, true, important, glorious things
 Salute our ears!
 We hear that Christ was born,
 Liv'd, dy'd, and rose again,
 To save the race of man forlorn
 From sin and pain.

3 Ascending up on high,
 That he might intercede,
 The Saviour who for man did die,
 Now lives to plead.
 He lives for evermore,
 Our souls to heav'n he'll bring;
 We shall eternally adore
 Our Lord and King.
Winchester.

XXXV. HYMN. C. M.

1 Soon shall he past this age of night,
 And Salem shall descend,
 Endu'd with uncreated light,
 Whilst saints her courts attend.

2 In her is fix'd Jehovah's throne,
 There Jesus shews his face;
 And there his first-born shall make known
 The wonders of his grace.

- 3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in eternal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.
- 4 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray,
But glory from Jehovah's throne
Spreads everlasting day.
- 5 No cloud shall that blest city know,
But ever bright and fair,
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 6 O may the glorious prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear ev'ry thought above.
- 7 Prepare us Lord, by grace divine,
For Salem's blest abode,
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The first-born sons of God.

XXXVI. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 WHEN shall the glorious day arise,
That all shall praise thy name?
When all in heaven, earth, air, sea, skies, -
Shall join to bless the Lamb ?

- 2 When with a loud united voice
The universe shall ring;
And every creature shall rejoice,
And God's high praises sing?
- 3 All tongues and hearts with joy shall join,
Without a jarring sound,
To circle with a joy divine
The glorious throne around.
- 4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,
To God upon the throne,
And to the Lamb for evermore,
All voices join in one.
- 5 With joy we now anticipate
The glories of that day,
When all Jehovah did create
Shall willing homage pay.

Winchester.

XXXVII. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis music to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! O the power and grace
That here triumphant reign,

D

To raise from death our sinful race
To life and God again !

- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around ;
And all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

XXXVIII. HYMN.—P. M.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Lord of light and glory,
Author of our mortal frame !
Joyfully we bow before thee,
And extol thy holy name :
Hallelujah !
Ever sacred be the theme !
- 2 Kind dispenser of each blessing
Which surrounds the human race !
May we, gratefully possessing,
Still adore thy boundless grace :
Hallelujah !
Praise to God, immortal praise !
- 3 Thus, with humble adoration,
We attend before thy throne ;
And with grateful exultation,
Thy abundant mercy own :
Hallelujah !
Praise belongs to thee alone.

- 4 In thy every dispensation,
Love and mercy we descry;
Thou, the God of our salvation,
To preserve us still art nigh:
Hallelujah!
Glory be to God on high!
-

XXXIX. HYMN.—S M.

- 1 Let party-strife no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile, and Jew, and bond, and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found—
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Envy and strife be gone,
And kindness only known,
Where all one common Father have,
One common Master own.
- 4 Thus of the joys of heaven
Some foretaste shall we prove,
Where purest pleasures will arise,
And every heart be love.

XL. HYMN.—L. M.

- 1 ALL-SEEING God! 'tis thine to know
The spring whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
 - 2 Who among men, great Lord of all!
Thy servant to his bar shall call;
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe?
 - 3 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.
 - 4 If wrong, correct; accept, if right;
While faithful we improve our light—
Condemning none, but zealous still,
To learn and follow all thy will.
 - 5 When shall our happy eyes behold
All Christians fashion'd in thy mould;
And charity our lineage prove
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love.
-

XLI. HYMN.—S. M.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye;

But sacred truths the test invite;
They bid us search and try.

- 2 May we, O Lord, maintain
A meek inquiring mind,
Assur'd we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.
- 3 With understanding bless'd,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.
- 4 Lord, give the light we need;
With soundest knowledge fill;
From baneful error guard our creed;
From prejudice our will.
- 5 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

XLII. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which sorrow must demand.

- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh may this truth, impress'd
With awful power,—‘ I too must die,’—
Sink deep in every breast!
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the opening tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray!
-

XLIII. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 O GOD! the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And, in its matchless grace, we feel
Our happiness secure.
- 2 What though our house be not with thee,
As nature could desire?
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy servants shall aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
Our Father art become,
Our guide, our guardian, and our friend,
And heaven our final home,—

- 4 We welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when we know not what thou dost,
We wait the light above.
- 5 Thy mercy, in the darkest gloom,
Shall heavenly rays impart;
And when our eye-lids close in death,
Shall cheer our trembling heart.
-

XLIV. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 A GLORY gilds the ample page
Of nature's works sublime;
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
Throughout revolving time.
- 2 'Tis Revelation's lamp supplies
These glorious works with light;
Her truths upon the nations rise,
And guide their wandering sight.
- 3 And soon as reason in the soul
Instructs us how to read,
We view the universal whole
A universal creed.
- 4 There we discover nature's laws,
Where pleasure joins with right;
Where self-love aids compassion's cause,
And duty is delight.

- 5 Thus, what was lost in night before,
Now opens into day;
When reason over nature's works
Sheds her enlight'ning ray.
-

XLV. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

- 6 Look unto him ye nations: own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.
- 7 See all your sins on Jesus laid;
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.
- 8 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white.
- 9 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
And feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.
-

XLVI. HYMN.—S. M.

- 1 Come ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the stormy seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
Then let your songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

XLVII. HYMN.—8 lines, 8's.

1 REJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
Our loss is his infinite gain;

- A soul out of prison releas'd,
 And freed from its bodily chain.
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above;
 Escap'd to the mansions of light,
 And lodg'd in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
 Out-flying the tempest and wind;
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
 And left his companions behind;
 Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
 Where all are assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.
-

XLVIII. HYMN.—4 6's & 2 8's.

- 1 AWAKE my heart and soul,
 To sing thy Saviour's love,
 O raise thy sweetest voice,
 Thy gratitude to prove;
 For he both bled and died for thee,
 To give thee life and liberty.
- 2 Remember how he groan'd,
 When blood suffus'd his frame,
 In agony of soul
 Invok'd his Father's name.
 Yes, he both bled and died for thee,
 To give thee life and liberty.

3 On Calv'ry's gloomy height,
In racking pains he hung,
Without one cooling drop
To moist his parched tongue.
Yes, he both bled and died for thee,
To give thee life and liberty.

4 But when the conflict o'er,
And nature sunk in death,
" 'Tis finish'd—man is free,"
Was his expiring breath.
Yes, he both bled and died for thee,
To give thee life and liberty.

5 O rend the concave arch
With hallelujahs loud;
For lo! he bursts the grave,
And hell's more gloomy shroud.
Yes, he both bled and died for thee,
And now he lives to make thee free.

XLIX. HYMN.—7's.

1 "Peace, be still," the Saviour cried,
Ocean ceas'd its foamy pride,
Smooth as glass its lucid wave,
Stormy winds no longer rave.

2 "Peace be still," O joyful sound,
When the soul in guilt is bound,

When tumultuous fears distress,
Or corroding griefs oppress.

3 When the spirit mourns forlorn,
Sunk in sorrow, anguish-torn,
Jesus' fiat stills the storm,
Shields the wretched soul from harm.

4 When the mist of death pervades,
Then his strengthening spirit aids,
Dissipates the gloom profound,
Scatters light and glory round.

5 O my soul, extol his name,
He is evermore the same;
Changeless he in life or death;
Great in mercy, slow to wrath.

L. HYMN.—L. M.

1 GREAT Parent of the human race,
Bestow on us thy saving grace;
O teach us to rely on thee,
Through time and through eternity.

2 Take from our hearts the flinty core,
That we may love thee more and more;
Thy statutes be our only pride,
Thy Spirit our unerring guide.

- 3 O lead us by thy powerful hand,
Till we shall reach the heavenly land,
Then loud hosannahs be our theme,
Ascribing praise to Jesus' name.
- 4 O Jesus, blessed Son of God,
Thou bare'st for man the mighty load;
Nail'd to thy cross the awful scroll,
Which bound in death the human soul.
- 5 Unceasing praises we shall sing
To thee Redeemer, heavenly King;
Around thy throne our songs shall rise
With seraphs, chanting in the skies.
-

LI. HYMN.—P. M.

- 1 O'ER Kedron's stream, and Salem's height,
And Olivet's brown steep,
Rolls the majestic queen of night,
And show'rs from heav'n her silver light,
And sees the world asleep.
- 2 All but the children of distress,
Of sorrow, grief, and care,
Whom sleep, tho' pray'd for, will not bless;
These leave the couch of restlessness,
To breathe the cool calm air.
- 3 For those who shun the glare of day
There's a composing pow'r,

That meets them on their lonely way
In the still air, the sober ray,
Of this religious hour.

4 'Tis a religious hour, for he
Who many a grief shall bear
In his own body on the tree,
Is kneeling in Gethsemane,
In agony and prayer.

5 O, holy Father! when the light
Of earthly joys grows dim,
May hope in Christ grow strong and bright,
In all who celebrate this rite,
In memory of him.

LII. HYMN—L. M.

1 His hour had come! and darkness roll'd
Across the ocean's heaving waves;
Earth shook—the dead came forth, and told
The secrets of their shudd'ring graves.

2 His hour had come! and forth there strode
Ten thousand cloud-borne cherubim,
And hung beneath their bright abode,
On countless wings, to welcome him.

3 Archangels rode the winds—and through
Yon vault, that swells to endless day,
And rolls in everlasting blue,
They bore his spotless soul away.

- 5 The wreathed thorns no longer press
His reverend head; but, robb'd in light,
And thron'd in pow'r, he sits to bless,
'Th' observers of this sacred rite.
-

LIII. HYMN.—L. M.

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,

Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With blooming greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams that murmur all around.

LIV. HYMN.—P. M.

- 1 WHEN adverse winds right keenly blow,
When stern affliction's grasp we know,
Her torch when persecution whirls,
When envy lifts her snaky curls;
Thrice happy he, whose soul resign'd,
Unmov'd can see the torrents run,
Can say, his eye to heaven inclin'd,
"Thy will be done."
- 2 O life, thy roses thorns unfold;
O death, thy grasp is fearful cold;
With riches come unnumbered cares;
With poverty ten thousand snares.
Then where can happiness be found?
Nor in the cot, nor purple throne—
Herein doth happiness abound,
"Thy will be done."
- 3 When blasting winds blow cold and bleak,
With longing eye and sunken cheek,
When haggard famine stalks around,
When war triumphant stains the ground;
When the sad mother beats her breast,
To see her babe's last sigh is drawn;

O, what can sooth her soul to rest?
 "Thy will be done."

- 4 'Tis this can still the adverse gale,
 'Tis this can bid wan famine hail,
 'Tis this can soften war's alarms,
 'Tis this oppression's rage disarms,
 This plucks the thistle from our road,
 When life's delusive joys are gone;
 'Tis this will raise the soul to God,
 "Thy will be done."

LV. HMYN.—P. M.

- 1 SHALL mortal tongues be dumb,
 While blessings crown the morn;
 The Virgin's hour is fully come,
 And lo! the Saviour's born.
- 2 In what immortal strains
 Did angels sing aloud!
 Thousands descended down the plains,
 And Gabriel led the crowd.
- 3 O! shall I hold my breath,
 Shall silence bind my tongue,
 If angels sang the Saviour's birth,
 And Gabriel tun'd the song?
- 4 The shepherd's greatly fear'd
 At this amazing sight;

The glory of the Lord appear'd
In beams of heavenly light.

5 The shepherds heard a voice,
“ Fear not, I bring this day
Tidings of universal joys,
That never shall decay;

6 “ For unto you this morn,”
Said Gabriel's peaceful tongue,
“ A Saviour, Christ the Lord, is born,
Eternal, sure, and strong;

7 “ And this a sign shall be
To you,” the angel said,
“ Go, seek the child, and you shall see
Him in a manger laid.”

8 And soon with Gabriel were
A grand angelic throng;
Bright cherubs join'd in music there,
And seraphs led the song.

9 Glory to God, and then
Peace upon earth, they sung;
Salvation and good will to men,
Echo'd from every tongue.

LVI. HYMN.—P. M.

- 1 LORD of universal nature,
God of every living creature,
Light of morning—shade of even,
King of ocean, earth, and heaven—
Whilst I prostrate bow before thee,
Teach my spirit to adore thee.
- 2 Soul of love, and source of pleasure,
Mine of every richer treasure,
King of tempest, storm, and shower,
Ruler of each secret power—
Whilst for favour I implore thee,
Teach my spirit to adore thee!
- 3 Spring of river, lake, and fountain,
Pillar of the rock and mountain,
Breath of animal creation,
Life of varied vegetation—
Whilst I prostrate bow before thee,
Teach my spirit to adore thee!
- 4 First and last, Eternal Being,
All pervading, and all seeing,
Centre of divine perfection,
Whence the planets learn subjection—
Whilst for ever I implore thee,
Teach my spirit to adore thee!

LVII. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 I LOVE the glory of the morn,
Display'd in orient ray,
When from the ocean's wave is born
The father of the day.
- 2 I love the warmer beam of noon
Which opens ev'ry flower,
And sets the dye on ev'ry bloom
In nature's rosy bower.
- 3 I love the milder evening beam,
Which glitters through the trees,
When Sol's full face is broader seen,
And sweetens ev'ry breeze.
- 4 And yet a glory I have seen,
Far brighter than the morn;
It is the light of Zion's King,
For man's salvation born.
- 5 The virtues ting'd by his bright ray,
Surpass each opening flower,
Which blushes to the noon of day,
In nature's rosy bower.
- 6 Nor does the setting sun display
Such sweet, such soft'ning charms,
As the bright hope of glory's day,
Which tyrant death disarms.

LVIII. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 OH, thou! who sit'st enthron'd on high,
In viewless splendour ray'd,
Before the lustre of whose eye
The brightest glories fade.
- 2 Though thou art high, yet thou dost hear
The lowly suppliant's moan;
Though thou art great, each secret tear
Begems thy radiant throne.
- 3 When shafts of anguish wound the soul,
Thy healing balm is nigh;
When tempests rise, and billows roll,
To thee alone we fly.
- { 4 Then hush! dark sorrow's weeping child,
Toss'd on this troub'lous sea,
In strains of peace he whispers mild,
"Fear not! for I'm with thee."

LIX. HYMN.—L. M.

- 1 How great is our Creator God,
In wisdom, majesty, and might;
When he displays his pow'r abroad,
And brings his wonders forth to light.
- 2 Behold what cloudy columns rise,
Terrific as the shades of night;

What peals of thunder rend the skies,
The lightning, how sublimely bright!

3 How dreadful is the threat'ning hail;
Th' approaching tempest, O how grand!
What terrors does the mind assail
When deep convulsions shake the land.]

4 The seas with hollow murmurs groan,
The bowels of the mountains flame;
The elements affrighted own
The awful greatness of thy name.

5 Almighty God! thy chariot wheels
In solemn pomp and grandeur roll;
Thy presence trembling nature feels,
And humble reverence fills the soul.

LX. HYMN.—C. M.

1 To thee, O God, my thoughts ascend,
My joy and glory here;
My portion and my heavenly friend,
And my Redeemer dear.

2 Mercy and tenderness and grace,
And truth, with love divine
Appear in thy sweet smiling face,
And with compassion shine.

- 3 I find a full supply for all
My wants, O God, in thee;
Thine ear attends my every call,
Thy goodness succours me.
- 4 In evening shadows, when I sleep,
Or morning, when I rise,
Thou dost my moments safely keep,
And bring me rich supplies.
- 5 Thy tender mercies, Lord, I trace
In all my paths around;
And ev'ry day, in ev'ry place,
Thy fulness doth abound.
- 6 Friendship and safety, rest and health,
From thy compassions flow;
And stores of intellectual wealth
Thou freely dost bestow.
- 7 Receive my humble thankfulness,
As all I can return;
And let not thy abundant grace
The willing off'ring spurn.
-

LXI. HYMN—C. M.

- 1 DAUGHTERS of pity tune the lay,
To mourners joy belongs;
While he that wipes all tears away
Accepts our thankful songs.

- 2 No altars smoke, no off'rings bleed,
No guiltless lives expire;
To help a brother in his need
Is all our rites require.
- 3 Our off'ring is a willing mind
To comfort the distressed;
In other's good our own to find,
In others' blessings blest.
- 4 Go to the pillow of disease,
Where night gives no repose;
And on the cheek where sickness preys,
Bid health to plant a rose.
- 5 Go where the friendless stranger lies,
To perish is his doom;
Snatch from the grave his closing eyes,
And bring his blessing home.
- 6 Thus what our heav'nly Father gave,
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy him that liv'd to save,
And died that we might live.
-

LXII. HYMN.—S. M.

- 1 Out of the depths of woe,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That thou art ever nigh.

- 2 Then hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bid'st the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.
- 3 I cast my hope on thee,
Thou canst—thou wilt forgive;
Were thou to mark iniquity,
Who in thy sight could live?
- 4 Humbly on thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin;
Lord, I am knocking at thy gate,
Open, and take me in.
- 5 Like them, whose longing eyes
Watch, till the morning star
Appears in view (tho' tempests rise,)
Heaven's portals to unbar:—
- 6 Like them I watch and pray,
And though it tarry long,
Catch the first gleam of welcome day,
Then burst into a song.
- 7 Glory to God above;
The waters soon will cease,
For, lo! the swift returning dove,
Brings home the sign of peace.

- 8 Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

LXIII. HYMN.—P M.

- 1 WHERE Babylon's broad rivers roll,
In exile we sat down to weep,
For thoughts of Zion o'er our soul
Came like departed joys in sleep,
Whose forms to sad remembrance rise,
Though fled for ever from our eyes.
- 2 Our harps upon the willows hung,
Where, worn with toil, our limbs reclin'd;
The cords, untun'd and trembling, rung
With mournful music, on the wind;
While foes, insulting o'er our wrongs,
Cried—"Sing us one of Zion's songs."
- 3 How can we sing the song we love
Far from our own delightful land?
—If I prefer thee not above
My chiefest joy, may this right hand,
Jerusalem!—forget its skill,
My tongue be dumb, my pulse be still.

LXIV. HYMN.—P. M.

- 1 LOVE divine, celestial nature,
Source of all sublime delights:
Love in Christ the Mediator,
God and man in love unites:
What are titles, pomp and riches,
When compar'd to Jesus' grace?
Tinsel glare no more bewitches,
When our God unveils his face.
- 2 Sinful pleasures breed vexation:
But to taste of Jesus' love,
Affords a blest anticipation
Of the heav'nly state above:
God supreme, accept our praises,
Who doth ransom us from sin;
Who the dead in Jesus raises;
Man to thee by love thou'lt win.
- 3 Come ye angels, hovering o'er us,
Flutt'ring round with brilliant wings;
Blest with love, unite our chorus,
Strike it on your heav'nly strings:
Love of Father, Word and Spirit,
These in Christ united be;
Man shall all with him inherit,
Love and heav'nly purity.

LXV. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 O CHARITY! thou heavenly grace!
All tender, soft and kind!
A friend to all the human race,
To all that's good inclin'd!
 - 2 The man of charity extends
To all his liberal hand;
His kindred, neighbours, foes and friends,
His pity may command.
 - 3 He aids the poor in their distress;
He hears when they complain;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessens all their pain.
-

LXVI. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 DID not the tear in Hagar's eye,
As o'er her dying son she knelt,
In speechless—silent agony,
Show what the anxious mother felt!
- 2 And when she softly breathed her prayers,
Her tearful eyes upraised to heaven,
Did not the anguish beaming there,
Show how a mother's heart was riven?

- 3 Then when the sweetest accents fell,
The voice from heaven—"thy son shall live!"
Think ye an angel-tongue could tell,
The joys that bade her heart revive?
- 4 O! there's a something in the tear,
That dims a mother's kindling eye;
A charm so fraught with love—so dear,—
We weep—we know not—care not why.
- 5 Yes—if a spark was ever given
To mortals, from the fires above;
If e'er a flower hath bloomed in heaven,
It is a mother's tender love.

LXVII. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 O THOU whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye:
- 2 See! how before thy throne of grace
The wretched wanderers mourn;
Hast thou not bid us seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?
- 3 And shall our guilty fears prevail
To drive us from thy feet?
Let not this precious refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

- 4 Absent from thee, the guide, the light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate our way!
- 5 O shine on man's benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.
- 6 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy:
Be this our solace, here below,
And our eternal joy.
-

LXVIII. HYMN.—S M.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;

To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like show'rs
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring, in his path, to birth.
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, like fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall bloom and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever—
That name, to us, is LOVE.

LXIX. HYMN.—P. M.

- 1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
O serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.
 - 2 For Jehovah is God—and Jehovah alone—
Creator, and Ruler o'er all;
And we are his people—his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.
 - 3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim; (long,
His praise with melodious accordance pro-
And bless his adorable name.
 - 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.
-

LXX. HYMN.—6 lines 8's.

- 1 FATHER of all! immortal Power,
Thy works proclaim their Maker's hand,
And call us thy good name t' adore,
And rev'rence pay to each command:
Thro' thee, alone! we live, and move,
And now unite to praise thy love.

- 2 Our eyes with holy joy survey, (wrought,
The glorious works thine hands have
Till to the realms of perfect day,
On wings of faith we're upward caught,
And worship with thy saints above,
And hail thy pow'r, and hail thy love!
- 3 Thy love first laid creation's plan,
And strengthen'd thy creative voice,
Love gave thy Son to die for man,
And love shall make our hearts rejoice:
Heav'n, earth, and hell, thy goodness prove,
Yea all thy works subsist by love.
- 4 Whilst endless ages onward roll,
We shall thy wond'rous deeds proclaim,
And grateful love shall tune each soul,
To speak the glories of thy name;
The boundless notes shall flow along,
Whilst angels join the glowing song.
-

LXXI. HYMN.—8 lines, 8's.

- 1 O TIME how potent is thy sway,
To thee the greatest monarchs yield;
In pride they flourish for a day,
Then fainting, vanquished, quit the field.
Yea, all must pay the debt of sin,
A debt which death itself must pay;
But this immortal part within,
Shall live to all eternity.

- 2 Eternity! how vast the thought;
And shall we never cease to be!
And must we never come to nought!
What wondrous beings then are we.
Though buried in the boist'rous deep,
Where foaming billows o'er us roar;
Our God can wake us from that sleep,
The sleep of death, to die no more.

J. M. C.

LXXII. HYMN.—P. M.

- I At the holy name of Jesus,
With devotion bend the knee;
He from sorrow came to save us,
Came to set the captive free.
See the lowly heavenly stranger,
Deeply bathed in infant tears,
Lying lonely in a manger,
Fill'd with all an infant's fears.
- 2 See him as he grows in stature,
Glowing with ethereal love,
Though disguised in human nature,
Fraught with wisdom from above.
Hark! what tidings of salvation,
He proclaims to sinful man;
Praise him then with adoration,
Praise, O praise him every one.

- 3 Why did God our nature borrow?
'Twas to set creation free;
'Twas to bear our sin and sorrow,
Jesus bled on Calvary.
Now he reigns in exaltation,
Now he pleads our cause above;
Praise his name with adoration,
Praise him for his boundless love.
-

LXXIII. HYMN.—P. M.

- 1 FATHER of life before thy throne,
We bow to praise thy name,
For thou art worthy, thou alone,
Our adorations claim.
E'er while we yet were slaves to sin,
The Saviour set us free;
Although he was despised of men,
And bled on Calvary.
- 2 For this he vanquished death and hell,
For this ascended high,
Delivering such as did rebel,
From their captivity.
Where death, is thy terrific sting?
Thy triumph is no more;
The praises of our God we sing,
Who conquers to restore.
- 3 O bend before the throne of God;
Ye nations praise his name;

O tell his saving love abroad,
 And all his works proclaim.
 To give him universal praise
 Ye tribes of earth accord,
 Aloft your tuneful voices raise
 And magnify the Lord.

LXXIV. HYMN.—L. M.

1.

CHRIST Jesus, our Lord, our teacher and king,
 Those comforting words we thankfully sing;
 May we as from heaven thy counsel receive,
 Consider the ravens, and learn to believe.

2

Whatever distress, or want may betide,
 The God of all grace will for us provide:
 Thou in his great name hast taught us to say,
 Consider the ravens whenever you pray.

3

They sow not, nor reap, nor gather in store,
 Have nothing to keep, yet never are poor,
 Since God in the heavens made nothing in vain,
 Consider the ravens, and never complain.

4

(few,

Your wants may be great, and friends may be
 Yet on him still wait, whatever you do;
 To God our great Father continue to call,
 Consider the ravens, and trust him for all.

G.

5

Look up to his throne and never despair,
But thankfully own his wise fatherly care;
Our Jehovah-jireh for ever adore,
Consider the ravens and doubt him no more.

LXXV. HMYN.—C. M.

- 1 THE dimming veil which shuts our sight,
Will yet be rent in twain;
Refulgent glories banish night,
And faith no longer wane.
- 2 Above the high empyrean heaven,
Enthron'd in Love Divine,
There dwells the Son to mortals given,
The flesh, the bread, the wine.
- 3 Pause, O my soul, look up and see
Thy Father seated there;
The honour of thy destiny
No mortal can declare.
- 4 Art thou a member of this Head?
And heir with Jesus too?
And art thou now among the dead?
And dost thou sorrow view?
- 5 The members must the head rejoin—
The body be complet—

Then—then shall end prophetic time,
And all creation meet.

LXXVI. HYMN—L. M.

1

WEEP not, though lonely and wild be thy path,
And the storm may be gathering around;
There is one that can shield from the hurri-
cane's wrath,

And that one may for ever be found. (cry,
He is with thee, around thee, he lists to thy
And thy tears are recorded by him;
A pillar of fire he will be to thine eye,
Whose brightness no shadow can dim.

2

O follow it still through the darkness of night,
In safety 'twill lead to the morrow;
'Tis not like the meteor of earth's fickle light,
Often quenched in delusion and sorrow;
For pure is the beam, and unfading the ray,
And the tempests assail it in vain; (away,
When the mists of this world are all banished
In its brightness it still will remain.

3

And weep not that none are around thee to love,
For a Father is with thee to bless;
And if griefs have exalted thy spirit above,
O say, would you wish for one less?
He is with thee, whose favour is better than life:
Could a mortal arm guard thee so well?

O hush the vain wish, calm thy besom's wild
And forbid but a thought to rebel. [strife,

LXXVII. HYMN.—P. M.

1

No purse or staff take with thee, no stuff nor
change of dress,
I only can equip thee, I'm thy alone success;
Look not again behind thee, turn not to right
nor left,
Straight forward bend thy journey, the rock
shall then be cleft.

2

Among the hills and mountains, and through
the seas I'll make
A smooth and easy passage for my Anointed's
sake.
The work is great, appointed by me, my son,
for thee,
And thou shalt be supported in this great work
by me.

3

Through every strait I'll lead thee, wherever
I shall send,
With bread of life I'll feed thee, until thy
journey's end;
And when thy work is finish'd, and death has
set thee free,
To glory I'll receive thee, to reign in life with
me.

LXXVIII. HYMN.—P. M.

1

SUPREME, eternal, uncreated mind,
Lord of the world, and Parent of mankind,
Thou God of power, of wisdom, and of love,
Each perfect gift descends from thee above.

2

Thine is the sun, and thine the fruitful shower,
The verdant herbage and the fragrant flower;
The ripened grain, the heart-rejoicing vine,
The cooling stream, the mighty deep, are
thine.

3

For all thy glorious works we bless thy name,
But most for sacred wisdom's heavenly flame,
That power which guides us on our earthly
way,
And leads to regions of eternal day.

4

We bless thy name for what the Grecian taught,
We bless thee for the law that Moses brought;
But more for Jesus, messenger of grace,
The brightest image of the Father's face.

5

His gracious words support the drooping soul,
The raging passions of the heart control;
And, when on scenes below we close the eye,
Unfold the joys of immortality.

G 3

LXXIX. HYMN.—P. M.

1

My brethren beloved, your calling ye see:
 In Jesus approv'd, no goodness have we:
 No riches or merit, no wisdom or might,
 But all things inherit, thro' Jesus's right.

2

Yet not many wise his summons obey,
 And great one's despise so vulgar a way;
 And strong ones will never their helplessness
 own,
 Or stoop to find favour thro' mercy alone.

3

And therefore our God the outcasts has chose,
 His righteousness shew'd to heathens like us!
 When wise one's rejected his offers of grace,
 His goodness elected the foolish and base.

4

To baffle the wise, and noble, and strong,
 He bade us arise, an impotent throng;
 Poor ignorant wretches, we gladly embrace
 A Prophet who teaches salvation by grace.

5

The things that were not, his mercy bids live;
 His mercy, unbought, we freely receive;
 His gracious compassion we thankfully prove,
 And all our salvation ascribe to his love.

LXXX. HYMN.—L. M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care;
He still supports our feeble frame:
What honours, Lord! can man prepare,
Worthy of thy all-perfect name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

LXXXI. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints will ever reign;

Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Yet timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

4 Oh could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts which rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes;—

5 Could we but stand, as Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;—
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

LXXXII. HYMN—L. M.

1 JESUS, and can it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Scorn'd be the thought, by rich and poor;
My soul shall scorn it more and more.

- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
 May ev'ning blush to own a star:
 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
 May midnight blush to think of noon.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
 No! when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no crimes to wash away;
 No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
 And no immortal soul to save!
- 5 Till THEN (nor is the boasting vain)
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain:
 And O, may this my portion be,
 That Jesus's not asham'd of me!

 LXXXIII. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 HARK! 'tis the prophet of the skies,
 Proclaims redemption near;
 The night of death and and bondage flies,
 The dawning tints appear!
- 2 Zion, from deepest shades of gloom,
 Awakes to glorious day;
 Her desert wastes with verdure bloom,
 Her shadows flee away.

- 3 The gladdening news, convey'd afar,
 Remotest nations hear;
 To welcome Judah's rising star,
 The ransom'd tribes appear.
- 4 Again in Bethlehem swells the song,
 The choral breaks again;
 While Jordan's shore the strains prolong,
 "GOOD-WILL—AND PEACE TO MEN!"
-

LXXXIV. HYMN.—P. M.

- 1 No sacrifice of costly name,
 Or blood of all the bullocks slain,
 On Jewish sacred altars spilt;
 Nor works of men, nor prayers of priests,
 Nor incense of their solemn feasts,
 Could ever save a soul from guilt.
- 2 Mistaken men, e'er since the flood,
 Have striv'd to reconcile their God,
 Whom terror taught them thus to please;
 By torture, abstinence, and pains!
 Casting their children in the flames!
 And other cruel acts like these.
- 3 Some trust in works which they have done,
 To save their souls in time to come,
 And hope they heaven shall receive;
 Others believe in sov'reign grace,
 Which took a few of Adam's race,
 And bound them all by firm decrees.

4 While reason speaks, with skilful tongue,
If these be right, those can't be wrong,
Nor 'scape the mandate of the Lord:
For if my God has fix'd my doom,
In endless shades of death to roam,
I must obey th' eternal word.

5 Then, O my soul, adore the grace,
Which saves the whole of Adam's race,
According to his boundless love:
'Tis not of works! lest men should boast,
But mercy brings the num'rous host,
'To dwell with God, in realms above.

LXXXV. HYMN.—P. M.

1 VARIOUS systems men have form'd,
In days of old and modern times;
Religion by their arts adorn'd,
In many lands and many climes.

2 Turn ye the page of history o'er,
Learn all the wisdom of the world;
Their present creeds, and those before
Are in a maze of error hurl'd.

3 To bind the God of boundless grace,
Has been the aim of Pharisees;
Arm God against the human race
Measure and fix his firm decrees.

- 4 While millions in a proud pretence
Of holy worship, heavenly zeal;
Their neighbours burn'd in its defence,
Nor for their sufferings could they feel.
- 5 In gods of vile despotic reign,
Tyrannic despots would believe;
Who could delight in endless pain,
Nor feel compassion to relieve.
- 6 Thus earthly kings and priests have join'd,
And form'd the awful league abhorr'd;
With edicts chain'd the human mind,
And shut the kingdom of the Lord.
- 7 But thanks to God our eyes behold
A light far brighter than the sun;
A day the prophets long foretold,
Of which the ancient poets sung.
- 8 His boundless love doth God reveal,
In Christ the head of ev'ry man;
His grace shall all the nations heal,
This is the gospel's glorious plan.
-

LXXXVI. HYMN.—P. M.

- 1 AWAKE my drowsy senses all,
At Jesus feet submissive fall,
Who conquers sinners great and small,
By his endearing love:

To bruise the serpent's subtle head,
Hè over death a conquest made—
He rose triumphant from the dead!
And thus he ransomed every soul,
To dwell in realms above.

2 He check'd the persecuting Saul,
That sin no more might him inthrall,
Converted he became Saint Paul,
By that effulgent light;
So he will every sinner bring,
And cleanse their souls from guilt and sin,
That they his praises loud may sing,
In yonder world of heavenly joy,
Of glory shining bright.

3 This is a faithful saying sure,
That sinners Jesus will restore;
He shed his blood to make them pure,
From every sinful strife;
Himself a ransom gave for all,
Who dwell upon this earthly ball—
Attend and hear his gracious call—
For you the Saviour tasted death,
To give you endless life.

4 Then shout aloud his praises high!
The Lord of life is ever nigh—
For Jesus lives no more to die!
This is the sacred word:
At God's right hand—a glorious seat!

His enemies beneath his feet,
In humble supplication meet—
Dispensing pardons--lo! he sits,
And reigns superior Lord!

LXXXVII. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 WHEN o'er the equatorial way,
The sun's bright car is driven;
Then equal night and equal day,
Are to each country given.
 - 2 Fair emblem of that Love divine,
Whose rich impartial grace,
Shall in its boundless grasp entwine,
The whole of Adam's race.
 - 3 Though clouds and darkness here below,
Impede its bright career;
Yet faith shall all its glories know,
In heaven's immortal year.
-

LXXXVIII. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 AMIDST the busy scenes of life
Death's fatal arrows fly;
A darling child, a husband, wife,
Is summon'd now to die.
- 2 The crimson's vanish'd from the cheek,
The lustre from the eye;

'Tis death! the tender life-strings break;—
And dying—we must die!

3 Its darts has now transfix'd the soul!
What griefs and sorrows nigh!
No mortal skill can fate control—
'Tis fix'd, and we must die.

4 Spare but a year, a month, a day,
The friend so dear, so nigh;
No, no, 'tis death, there's no delay,
Prepare, you now must die!

5 Well death thy transient conquest make;
Thy victim take and fly;
My Saviour comes! thy bands to break!—
Now death, thou too must die!

6 He'll ransom from thy fatal powers,
O, grave! thy pris'ners dear;—
They rest in hope of that blest hour;—
That blissful hour is near.—

LXXXIX. HYMN.—C. M.

1 O For a sweet inspiring ray
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

H 2

- 2 There low before his glorious throne,
 Adoring saints and angels fall;
 And with delightful worship own, (all.
 His smiles their bliss, their heaven, their
- 8 Immortal glories crown his head,
 While sounding hallelujah's rise,
 And love, and joy, and triumph spread,
 Through all the regions of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, the seraphs tune their songs,
 In boundless rapture while they gaze;
 Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
 Resound his everlasting praise!

 XC. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
 Thee the creation sings;
 With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
 And heaven's high palace rings,
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky!
 How glorious to behold!
 Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
 Their endless circles run,
 There the pale planets rule the night,
 And day obeys the sun.

- 4 Downward I turn my wand'ring eyes,
On clouds and storms below;
Those under regions of the skies
Thy num'rous glories show.
- 5 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wond'ring sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With wonder and delight.
- 6 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.
- 7 But the vast beauties of thy grace,
Our softer passions move,
Pity divine, in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.
-

XCI. HYMN.—P. M.

- 1 Look ye saints the sight is glorious,
See "The man of sorrows" now;
From the fight return'd victorious;
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the victors brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;

In the seat of pow'r enthrone him,
 While the vault of heaven rings:
 Crown him, crown him;
 Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"

3 Sinners in derision crown'd him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels croud around him,
 Own his title, praise his name:
 Crown him, crown him;
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark, those loud triumphant chords;
 Jesus takes the highest station;
 O what joy the sight affords!
 Crown him, crown him,
 "King of kings and Lord of lords."



THE

ANALOGY.

By N. DOUGLAS, V. D. M.

Part 1st.

1 ALL nature swarms with varied life,
 Where death of late bare sway;
 The woods, the vales, the mountains sing,
 And hail the orb of day.

- 2 And shall the treasures, bury'd long
 'Neath dismal shades of woe,
Ne'er see the light—no prime assume,
 Or vital influence know?
- 3 Shall Heaven pursue his grand design,
 Amidst th' alarms of war;
And shall his end in forming man,
 Be from him distant far?
- 4 Shall man, though lost and ruin'd long,
 And hid from mortal view,
Not have his spring,—commence his song,
 His pristine form renew?
- 5 Are grace and nature not ally'd—
 Creation old and new?
Since Jesus for the whole hath died,
 He'll shed on all his dew;
- 6 Make life and beauty spring from death,
 Whence sons of woe are blest;
Life, as at first, springs from his breath,
 As all his works attest.

Part 2d.

- 7 He breathes on slain, whence death retire
 Shall from the prostrate dead;
Is this not worthy of their Sire,
 Who rais'd to life their head?

- 8 The Lord of all this truth proclaims,
In accents full of joy;
Tho' error now this power disclaims,
God speaks thus from on high:
- 9 " With me dwells no relentless wrath
Against the human race;
The souls that I have made shall find
A refuge in my grace.
- 10 " I wound and kill, I heal and save,
All rebels to my throne;
None doom I to an endless grave,
As all my works shall own.
- 11 " My every work shall perfect prove,
Reflected shew my grace;
And mark the greatness of my love,
To my whole lapsed race."
- 12 Man's dust and perish'd powers shall hear
The voice which all revives,
When once arriv'd the blissful year,
Enriching all that lives.

Part 3d.

- 13 Tho' winter stern shall long prevail,
A night of tears endure;
Yet light shall all the wretched hail,
And peace and bliss insure.

- 14 Have night and winter still their use,
In this bleak, barren land;
And shall not these, in yonder world,
Some rich return command?
- 15 Do storms and tempests clear the skies,
And purify the main;
And shall the storms of future wrath
No blest effect attain?
- 16 Each winter's waste the spring restores,
And makes all nature gay;
Roots, stems shoot forth a second birth,
Form'd by the vital ray.
- 17 Shall tears in copious streams be shed,
And yet no fruit be shown?
Can darkness rule as long as light
Beneath th' Eternal's throne?
- 18 Shall death still boast an endless sway,
Before the source of life?
And shall the grave retain its prey,
And sin eternal strife?

Part 4th.

- 19 Can Satan's kingdom endless prove,
Like that of our great Lord?
Will heaven's Refiner never bring
Mankind t' obey his word?

- 20 Is Jesus not the heir of all,
Who must the whole subdue?
Can sin and woe then endless prove,
Since he shall all renew.
- 21 Rejoice, my soul, the turtle's voice
Announces endless spring;
When ills of every kind shall cease,
And every heart shall sing.
- 22 Then God shall *all in all* be found,
And all his works be clad
With light, as with a robe of state,
When sin and woe are fled.
- 23 The Lord shall joy in all his works,
When these their prime attain;
One Jubilee pervade the earth,
And bliss immortal reign.
- 24 A state corrupted and derang'd
To beauty's forms gives place;
Can man's be endless, without change,
Beyond the reach of grace?

Part 5th.

- 25 Nature proclaims, through all her paths,
Her renovating power;
And shall this fail, desert God's works,
In death's twice pregnant hour?

- 26 If nature die, yet live again,
Her offspring all renew;
Can grace do less? Will this revive
None but the elect few?
- 27 Are flowers and trees more precious far
Than sons of heavenly birth?
Does time replace her annual waste,
And beautify the earth?
- 28 And shall not time restore man's race
To their all gracious Sire;
Repair the waste of ages past,
While sin and woe retire?
- 29 Where thorns long grew, midst rocky wilds,
Lo! firs and myrtles spring;
And nature, through her ample bounds,
Incessant praises sing.
- 30 Do reptiles rise from crusted tombs,
To soar aloft in air,
To sip the dew, enjoy the sun,
And shine in colours fair?
- 31 And shall the noblest works of heaven
Lie in an endless tomb,
Nor more enjoy that mental Sun,
Which gives reviving bloom?

Part 6th.

- 32 How manifold th' Eternal's works,
In which his features shine!
Progressive are the nobler still,
Which marks their end divine.
- 33 Since root and first-fruits saved are,
He'll boughs and branches claim,
Whence all in ev'ry age and clime
Shall bear Messiah's name.
- 34 "To him belongs the household great,
In heaven and earth that dwell;"
And shall not he possess his own,
In spite of death and hell?
- 35 And does the moon her face renew,
All clad with borrowed light;
And shall the world, that mystic moon,
Remain in endless night?
- 36 What yonder sun is to the earth,
The source of life and day;
That will Messiah prove, and more,
To all beneath his sway.
- 37 For from his light and heat nought hid
Shall in the world remain;
In his grand circuit as a Judge;
His grace o'er all shall reign.

- 38 The Jews were taught the joyful truth,
By each revolving moon;
And we who boast superior light,
Its lustre shun at noon.

Part 7th.

- 39 While none ascend the hills of truth,
The rising orb to spy,
Nor sound the trump t' invite mankind
To meet her with their eye.

- 40 Was this of old a welcome task,
In Judah's hallowed bound;
And shall it now be thought a crime,
The trump of truth to sound?

- 41 Yes, Zion's watchmen silent keep,
Decline the sacred theme,
And preach a doctrine fraught with death,
Before the great Supreme.

Part 8th.

- 42 Were Tophet's grave the final seat
Of man's long-ruin'd race,
God's truth would fail, his mercy cease,
And his rich springs of grace.
- 43 And how should Christ inherit then
Earth's fulness and rich store;
Each tongue him own, each knee low bend,
And all his grace adore?

- 44 Would he not be asham'd to own
Himself of all the God,
If he no better had prepar'd
Than hell for their abode?
- 45 Since God still loves an erring world,
And Christ died for the same,
And since the Holy Mystic Dove
Refines it by his flame;
- 46 To Father, Son, and Sp'rit Divine,
Be praise and glory given,
By all that dwell beneath the sky,
And all the hosts of heaven.
-

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

- 1 BROTHER thou art gone before us, and thy
saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and
sorrow is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh, and from care
and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and
the weary are at rest,
- 2 The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er, and
borne the heavy load,
But Christ has taught thy languid feet to
reach his blest abode.

**Thou'rt sleeping now like Lazarus, upon his
father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and
the weary are at rest.**

**3 Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy
faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the
Holy Spirit fail;
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and
the weary are at rest.**

**4 "To dust thou shalt return," the Judge of
all the earth hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now, and seal
thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away among
the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and
the weary are at rest.**

**5 And when the Lord shall summon us whom
thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a
welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be
a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and
the weary are at rest.**

XCII. HMYN.—L. M.

- 1 HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is his,
And sov'reign pow'r becomes him well.
- 2 In shame and torment once he died;
But now he lives for evermore;
Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,
And, ye angelic bands, adore.
- 3 Live, live for ever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes, and guard thy fiends,
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.
- 4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule, with sov'reign pow'r,
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.
- 5 When death thy servants shall invade,
When pow'rs of hell thy church annoy,
Controll'd by thee, their rage promotes
The cause they labour to destroy.
- 9 For ever reign, victorious King!
Wide thro' the earth thy name be known;
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimar praises near thy throne.

XCIII. HYMN—C. M.

- 1 LOVE does not pause, when at my door
A shivering brother stands;
To ask the cause that made him poor,
Or why he help demands.
- 2 Love does not spurn the brother's prayer,
For faults he once had known;
Love does not leave him in despair,
And say that I have none.
- 3 The voice of charity is kind—
She thinketh nothing wrong;
To every fault she seemeth blind,
Nor vaunteth with her tongue.
- 4 In penitence she placeth faith—
Hope smileth at her door;
Believeth first—then softly saith,
“Go, brother, sin no more.”

XCIV. HYMN.—P. M.

- 1 DOES gloomy fate, with sullen frown,
Consume thy soul with care?
Hast thou the draught of misery known
Whose dregs are dark despair?

Art thou oppres'd with sorrow's doom,
 Thy heart with anguish torn—
 Oh, soon that sad and cheerless gloom
 Shall wake a brighter morn!
 Then why should sorrow wring thy brow—
 Say, mourner, say—' why weepest thou?'

- 2 Does tender love bedeck the bier,
 Is dust with dust inurn'd?
 Has one—affection priz'd so dear
 To heaven, and God—return'd?
 The beauteous flower, that charms the eye
 And decks the smiling plain,
 With winter's blast does fade and die,
 But dies—to bloom again!
 Then why should sorrow wring thy brow—
 Say mourner, say—' why weepest thou?'

XCV. HYMN.—L. M.

- 1 PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below,
 Who gave to nature form and birth,
 And ballanc'd well the teeming earth.
- 2 Praise him who all his works adorns,
 Made man, and beast, and creeping worms;
 The finny and the feather'd tribes,
 And for them every good provides.

- 3** Praise him who sent his Son to die,
Our souls to raise with him on high,
To endless joy in realms above—
Praise, praise, O praise the God of Love.
-

XCVI. HYMN.—L. M.

- 1** FATHER of all, almighty God,
Who didst, by thy all-powerful word,
For thine own glory send us here,
Teach us to love thee, not to fear.
- 2** Thy justice, mercy, and thy love,
Can e'en the powers of hell remove;
Nor aught can change th' eternal plan
Form'd for the happiness of man.
- 3** With humble hearts we bless our God,
With reverence read his sacred word,
Nor think, like gloomy priests of yore,
That we shall die to live no more.
-

XCVII. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1** "Let there be light!" Jehovah said,
And nature sprang to birth;
Darkness before his presence fled,
And beauty crown'd the earth.
- 2** Man, by his word, from dust he form'd,
And woman from his side;

Their souls with fire etherial warmed,
To heaven's great King allied.

3 But soon the gloom of sin o'erspread
The lustre of the mind;
No light the lamp of reason shed,
And man again was blind.

4 His walk was darkness, and despair
Upon his spirit preyed;
Weary and worn with grievous care,
Along life's waste he strayed.

5 Th' Eternal saw—"Let there be light!"
Again in heaven was heard;
And lo! man's weak bewildered sight
The Star of Bethlehem cheered.

6 The Sun of Righteousness, his beams]
Upon the spirits shed;
The sleep of sin, and error's dreams,
Were o'er when Jesus bled.

XCVIII. HYMN.—C. M.

1 WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleasure flies;
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long deluded eyes.

- 2 Their frail support deceives no more
When death his sceptre shews,
And nature faints beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.
- 3 The tott'ring frame from mortal life
Shall crumble into dust:
Nature shall faint, but learn, each soul!
On nature's God to trust.
-

XCIX. HYMN—L. M.

- 1 GREAT God of heaven it cannot be
That good and evil flow from thee!
Thou art eternally the same,
And Love is thy revealed name.
- 2 Thy ways are truth, thy laws are right,
Justice and mercy thy delight;
To all thy tender mercies flow,
In heaven above and earth below.
- 3 Thou didst in love our race create;
Holy and happy was their state;
And when by sin thy creatures fell,
Thou didst redeem their souls from hell.
- 4 To all thy grace is freely given,
And thou wilt lead them on to heaven;
Thy nature's love, thy dealings kind,
Not one for hell was e'er design'd.

- 5 Great God, how kind are all thy ways,
How free thy love, how rich thy grace!
All needful aid to us is given,
Thoul't raise our souls from earth to heaven.
-

C. HYMN.—L. M.

- 1 AWAKE my soul in joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise.
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong.
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!
- 5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O, may my last expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death.

- 6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright worlds of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving kindness in the skies.
-

CI. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 OH thou! whose glory shines sublime
In morning's dawn and evening skies;
Who since the bud of fading time,
Mad'st evening fall and morning rise.
- 2 That thou art great, these glowing spheres
To every studious eye must show;
That thou art good, as well appears
On ev'ry field and mountain's brow.
- 3 That hand that pois'd the orbs that sail
Around yon sky of purest blue;
That hand has made this lowly vale,
And on it shed the evening dew.
- 4 I see thee in the clouds that soar,
Aloft ascending from the sea,
As well as in the bounteous store
That flows to nature and to me.
- 5 The music of the vernal grove,
Borne on the breeze, is all of thee,
As well as sacred choirs above,
Who in thy presence bow the knee.

- 6 In thee the insects live and move,
In thee the sun and planets shine:
All rest in thy upholding love,
Great God of nature; power divine!
- 7 While musing on thy obvious might,
In morning sun or starry frame;
Oh rule the fair impression right,
And teach me to adore thy name.
-

CII. HYMN.—P. M.

- 1 SEE the morning stars appear!
Hark! our bless'd Redeemer cries;
"Men of wisdom all draw near,
Bring the soul's best sacrifice."
- 2 Not for slaughter'd bird or beast,
Calls the Saviour as of old;
Nor for treasure of the East,
Myrrh, or frankincense, or gold.
- 3 Repentant tears that from the heart,
Steal in silence down the cheek;
Inward sighs, that more impart
Than the faltering tongue can speak.
- 4 Lo! the blessed SHEPHERD's come,—
Wand'ring sheep, attend his voice;
Hark! he calls each straggler home,
Bids the broken heart rejoice.

- 5 Vain are off'rings rich and rare,
Metals, gems, perfumes and spice;
One the Saviour has to spare,
"Without money, without price."
- 6 Well might angels rend the sky,
At our dear Redeemer's birth;
Singing—"Praise to God on high,
Good to men, and peace on earth."
-

CIII. HYMN.—L. M.

- 1 THE various sects desire to know,
Why we do love this doctrine so,
And what advantage they should gain,
Did they believe what we maintain.
- 2 This great advantage thence is prov'd,
We find that God is more belov'd;
That all hard thoughts of him are fled,
Nor trouble more the heart or head.
- 3 The Scriptures here do all agree,
And are from contradictions free;
The promises and threat'nings too,
Appear consistent, just and true.
- 4 Here all those warm contentions cease,
Which have disturb'd the church's peace,
Concerning our Redeemer's will,
When he his blood for men did spill.

- 5 Here wisdom, pow'r and love combine,
In full perfection, to design
And execute the glorious plan,
To help and save poor ruin'd man.
- 6 This system makes us love mankind,
Makes us to all good works inclin'd;
It teaches us for all to pray,
And seek their welfare every day.
-

CIV. HYMN.—L. M.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let his redeeming love be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
-

CV. HYMN.—P. M.

- 1 HARK! from the mount a voice proclaims
"The poor in spirit shall be bless'd;
The wounded soul shall find a balm,
The wearied body be caress'd."

- 2 This voice, in mildness and in truth,
Declares that he himself has come,
To preach the gospel to the poor,
And bring the way-worn traveller home.
- 3 Whence angels shout in anthems loud,
In strains celestial sing his praise,
From heaven's high arch, the world abroad,
Rings with their sweetest loudest lays.
- 4 Mourners don't you comfort find?
Speak aloud ye meek, and say,
If the hungry soul and blind,
Shall behold immortal day?
- 5 Come, thou dear, thou blessed Saviour,
Bear my soul on seraph's wings,
To courts of bliss and boundless pleasure,
Where angels love, where angels sing.
- 6 There shall peace and joy immortal,
Bliss celestial and divine,
Clothe the world, and not a mortal
Endless sorrow ever find,

CVI. HYMN.—P M.

- 1 AND why do Christians thus contend,
For items in their creeds?
An enemy and not a friend,
Sows these contentious seeds.

- 2 'Twas love to God and love to man,
The dear Redeemer brought;
No metaphysic doctrine can
Compare with what he taught.
- 3 Why do we judge each other so?
This judging genders strife;
It is enough our Lord to know,
And feel his heav'nly life.
- 4 What if my brother disagrees
With me in certain things;
Yet strives by works of love to please,
And fruit abundant brings?
- 5 Shall I disown a brother dear,
For whom my Saviour died?
Can I be fill'd with gospel fear,
And walk in all this pride?
- 6 O may I learn to walk in love,
In charity abound;
Possess those tempers of the dove,
Which rather heal than wound.

CVII. HYMN.—P. M.

- 1 THUS saith the mighty God,
To Israel's shepherd's all,
Hear ye my sacred word,
Attend my solemn call.

Should not my sheep By you be fed—
In me their head, Lie down and sleep?

2 Ye labour night and day
 To lay up wealth in store,
 My sheep are made a prey,
 To feed yourselves the more.

With cruel arm Their fleece ye take,
And garments make To keep you warm.

3 The sick ye have not heal'd,
 Nor comforted the dams;
 Nor brought into the field
 The poor bewilder'd lambs.

With cruel force Ye have them rul'd,
And also school'd, To make them worse.

4 Through mountains high and low,
 My sheep and lambs are stray'd;
 And none on earth below
 A thorough search have made.

Therefore attend, And hear my word,
Thus saith the Lord, To you I send.

5 Behold! I will require
 My flock out of your hands;
 No more shall you for hire
 O'errule my sheep and lambs!

I know my choice! And they shall hear,
Both far and near, My saving voice.

6 Like as a shepherd kind,
 I'll look for all my sheep;
 And ev'ry one I find,
 In safety I will keep.
 The wolf or bear, Within the fold,
 Or lion bold, Shall ne'er come there.

7 In pastures ever green
 I'll cause my sheep to feed,
 The shade or cooling stream
 Supplying all their need:
 On mountains high, They'll take the air,
 Free from all care, No danger nigh.

8 The lost shall all be found,
 The sent away call'd in;
 The sick and lame made sound,
 The filthy ones made clean.
 Thus saith the Lord, My flock are men;
 I promise them, I am their God.

CVIII. HYMN.—C. M.

1 Who made the sun to rule the day,
 And moon to guide the night?
 'Twas God the Father of the world,
 Sole author of the light.

2 Who made the spring to bloom so gay,
 And does the summer call?
 'Tis God who guards us ev'ry day,
 With equal love to all.

- 3 Who gave us minds to seek the truth,
His word to understand?
Who spread the gospel o'er the earth?
'Twas done by God's command.
- 4 Who watches o'er us while we sleep,
And ev'ry want supplies?
'Tis God, who will his children keep,
Whose goodness never dies.
- 5 Who gives us liberty and peace,
And who will sinners save?
'Tis God, whose goodness ne'er will cease,
Though seas forget to wave.
-

CIX. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 HOSANNAH to our conqu'ring king,
The Saviour lives again!
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqu'ror could detain.
- 2 How sad and mournful was the hour,
While in the tomb he lay!
But God descends in mighty power,
And death resigns his prey.
- 3 Hosannah to our conqu'ring king,
All hail, triumphant love!
Ten thousand songs of glories wait
To crown thy head above.

- 4 Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run ;
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.
-

CX. HYMN.—P. M.

- 1 JESUS calls, I will adore him,
Cheerfully his name record—
Sinners, come and fall before him,
Trust in his redeeming word—
He is Christ the blessed Saviour,
Sent from God to guilty men,
To bestow on them his favour—
Hallelujah to his name.
- 2 Hither all ye weary trav'lers,
Heavy laden sinners, come;
He'll release you from your labours,
Kindly take your spirits home:
He will give you life eternal,
He will give you peace and joy;
Nothing hurtful shall disturb you,
Death no more your souls annoy.
- 3 Hark! he saith to guilty sinners,
"Take my yoke and learn of me;
I'll assist the young beginners,
Make their souls from bondage free:
Take my yoke, thou wandering stranger,
Bear the same with sweet delight;

I'll deliver you from danger,
Grace shall make the burden light."

CXI. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 How sweet the fruit the Spirit yields,
How lasting and how fair;
No spices of Arabian fields,
Can with this fruit compare.
- 2 Love grows on branches bending low,
Joy tips each lofty spray,
Peace all around, above, below,
Its spicy sweets convey.
- 3 Long suffering, grows and ripens here,
A cure for every grief;
And gentleness forbidding fear,
Is pluck from every leaf.
- 4 Goodness in many clusters shoots,
And faith is green and fair,
While meekness hid among the fruits,
Invites her favourites there.
- 5 Here temperance grows, a virtue bright,
And well prepares the feast;
Here, O my soul, take thy delight,
Of all the guests the least.

CXII. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 “ Salt of the earth!” ye virtuous few,
Who season human kind;
“ Light of the world!” whose cheering ray
Illumes the realms of mind;
- 2 Where misery sheds her deepest shade,
Your strong compassion glows;
From your blest lips, the balm distils,
That soften human woes.
- 3 By dying beds, in prison glooms,
Your frequent steps are found;
Angels of love, you hover near,
To bind the stranger’s wound.
- 4 You wash with tears the bloody page,
Which human crimes deform; (cend,
When vengeance threatens, your prayers as-
And break the threat’ning storm.
- 5 As down the summer stream of vice
The thoughtless many glide,
Upwards you steer your steady bark,
And stem the rushing tide.
- 6 Where guilt her foul contagion breathes,
And golden spoils allure,
Unspotted still your garments shine—
Your hands are ever pure.

- 7 Your's is the wide expansive thought,
The high heroic deed;
Exile and chains present no dread,
To you 'tis naught to bleed.
- 8 You lift on high the warning voice,
When public ills prevail;
Your's is the writing on the wall,
That turns the tyrant pale.
- 9 In every faith, through every clime,
Your pilgrim steps we trace;
And shrines are drest, and temples rise,
Each hallow'd spot to grace.
- 10 And Pæans loud, in every tongue,
And choral hymns resound;
And length'ning honours hand your name
To time's remotest bound.
- 11 Proceed! your race of glory run,
Your virtuous toils endure!
You come, commissioned from on high,
And your reward is sure.
-

CXIII. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 WEAK and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

- 2 The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.
- 3 Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.
- 4 'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view;
And, while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.
- 5 Bound on a voyage of great length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
- 6 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast,
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

CXIV. HYMN.—P. M.

- 1 O THOU, through whom we find
Pardon and peace of mind,
Of thee we'll sing;

And to the fallen race
Tell of thy wond'rous grace,
For lo, in every place,
God is our King!

- 2 Serve him, ye nations all,
And while his love doth call
Some tribute bring:
Gratefully homage pay,
Bow to his kingly sway,
And own, without dismay,
God is our King.
-

CXV. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 As DEITY has stamped on man,
His nature, and his name;
There's no inferior power which can
Eradicate the same.
- 2 If man be really so deprav'd,
As some have understood;
There's nothing in *him* to be sav'd;
Since nothing there is good.
- 3 For in that Book Jehovah gave,
I never yet could find;
That it was his design to save
The fleshly, carnal mind.

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- 4 But in this plain revealed will,
He teaches me to know,
The "filthy must be filthy still,"
And to destruction go.
- 5 What tho' on earth, the heav'nly grain,
May grow with chaff awhile;
God's power will separate again,
The precious from the vile.
- 6 When thorns which grow in nature's field
Are all consum'd with fire;
The soil will then the owner yield,
The fruit he would desire.
- 7 The sacred part to God allied,
He never will destroy;
When in the fire of love 'tis try'd,—
'Tis pure without alloy.
- 8 But all the stubble, wood, and dross,
Are food for heavenly fire,
The earthly man shall suffer loss,
And all his hopes expire.
- 9 This fire of love shall sin o'ercome,
Shall death and hell destroy;
And bring the soul in triumph home,
To dwell in realms of joy.

- 10 And since I have been made to know,
And feel this conquering love;
It constitutes my heaven below,
And hope of heaven above.
-

CXVI. HYMN.—C. M.

- 1 TH' Almighty spake, and Gabriel sped,
Upborne on wings of light;
Jehovah's glory round him spread,
And changed to day the night.
- 2 Swift down to earth the angel flew,
From God's eternal throne;
His shining robe, of rainbow hue,
The starry host outshone.
- 3 One note of peace was heard on high,
Glad tidings roll'd around;
And angels left their native sky,
To catch salvation's sound.
- 4 Then shout for joy!—rejoice O earth!
All hail this glorious morn;
Rejoice! rejoice! in Jesus' birth,
This day a Saviour's born.
- 5 He comes! *The well below'd of God!*
Good-will, peace, joy for men!
Glad tidings shout to all abroad,
So be it Lord. Amen!

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